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Lillie Pozer 28:99

Thanksgiving.

(Eliza Wells, in 'Waif.')

Assemble all ye people,
Your thankful voices raise,
To God, the Lord of harvest,
Whose goodness crowns our days;
Our fathers trusted in Him,
And ne'er were put to shame,—
Of us He hath been mindful,
All glory to His name.

O God, we praise and thank Thee,
The Giver of all good,
For health and strength and raiment,
For home, for friends, for food;
For peace with neighboring nations,
For missionary zeal;
We thank Thee that in Jesus,
Thou didst Thyself reveal.

Not only do we thank Thee,
For joy Thou dost bestow,
We bless Thee, O our Father,
For trial, grief and woe;
It is through tribulation
Thou winnowest the grain;
O Lord, we pray Thee, cleanse us
From every earthly stain.

And when, at last, thou comest
To gather in the wheat,
May we with holy gladness
The Lord of harvest greet;
Then, when the last sheaf's garnered,
We'll celebrate Thy love
At the Thanksgiving Supper
Of Harvest-home above.
—Eliza Willis.

A Thanksgiving Day Lesson For Girls.

Thanksgiving is not an untroubled feast, a day of cloudless sunshine in every household. The table may groan beneath its dishes of tempting food, yet amid its luxuries there sometimes stands a goblet of grief, filled to the brim with sad memories of a departed father, mother, brother, or sister, and with bitter forebodings of coming evil.

Such a goblet was on the table of a widow, who with her two boys and three girls, was keeping her first Thanksgiving after her husband's death.

There were no guests at her table. All the family relatives had their homes too far away to be with her. Their absence caused her to think of those happier days when her Thanksgiving-table was surrounded with dear ones now no more, or separated from her by vast distances. These memories forced a frequent sigh from her heart. They might have been kept down, perhaps, had her children been loving and gentle to her and to one another, But, instead of being so, they were unkind and quarrelsome. The boys had that day refused to join their sisters on a sleigh drive proposed by them for the afternoon. Their refusal had made their sisters cross. And the dinner, instead of being seasoned with the salt of pleasant speech, was spoiled by being mingled with the bitter herbs of strife and wrangling.

No sooner had the two brothers swallowed their last mouthful of mince-pie, than they pushed back their chairs, and with rude haste left the table. Seeing them about to leave the room, Fanny, the youngest sister, with a pleading look and voice said:

'Won't you go with us, Freddie?'

Now Frederick was the youngest of the two brothers, and was not wholly without affection for his sister. Her pleading tone touched his better feelings as her previous scolding words had roused his bad feelings. He hesitated, looked toward his brother George, and was strongly disposed to yield to Fanny's wish. Perceiving his state of mind his brother, speaking sharply, said to him:

'Come, Fred, hurry up! Our fellows will be waiting for us.'

'Perhaps we had better do as Fan wants us to do, after all,' replied his brother.

'Oh, he's too selfish for that!' exclaimed Alice, the eldest sister, before George made answer to Frederick.

This foolish remark, spoken in a sharp tone which touched both boys unpleasantly, made George very angry, and with a flush on his cheek and hardness in his tones, instead of replying to Alice, he said to his brother, 'If you choose to play spooney with these stupid girls, you may; but I'm going to have a good time with our fellows at the bowling-alley.'

The biting tone of Alice and George's allusion to a set of idle fellows who had recently drawn the widow's sons into evil resorts, quenched the kind feeling which had arisen in Fred's heart, and he replied, 'All right, George, I'll go with you. It isn't any fun to go driving with giggling girls.' Having made this unbrotherly remark he followed George, leaving his sister vexed, and his mother more sad than ever. The affectionate spirit, proper to Thanksgiving Day, was not in them.

'Our Thanksgiving is spoiled just through their ugly, selfish tempers,' said Alice harshly, as the sisters sat round the parlor stove with their mother a little later in the afternoon.

'Not wholly by your brothers, my dear,' said the widow, 'but largely, I fear, through a lack of affection on the part of yourself and your sisters. None of you love your brothers with true sisterly love.'

'Who can love such selfish brothers as ours?' replied Alice, with a pout, which made her really pretty face look so repulsive that one could not call it 'a thing of beauty.'

'You can, my Alice, if you try. So can you all. It is your duty to love them, because they are your brothers. I know their ways are not like your ways. I know they are often rude in their speech, fond of teasing you, ever ready to laugh at you because you are so easily frightened at appearances,

of danger, and they take pleasure in making fun of your girl friends. These are faults found in most boys. But in spite of them, your brothers are worthy of your love. Think how bright they are, how quick to learn, how ready to do little services for me. They are generous fellows, too, always willing to divide their school-boy treasures with their companions. They are also brave, truthful, and until lately, not inclined to form bad habits. I am sure your brothers are worthy of your love.'

Those three sisters could not deny that their brothers had these and other good qualities, which their mother proceeded to point out, but they defended their own lack of affection by pleading the boys' rudeness and their constant unwillingness to oblige them.

'You must not resent their faults by being faulty yourselves,' said the widow; 'your angry retorts only make them more rude and more neglectful. You possess a magic wand, which, if used as you can use it, if you choose, will charm away their rudeness, and cause them, instead of neglecting you, to find their sweetest pleasure in your society.'

'A magic wand! what is it?' exclaimed the girls, as with one voice.

'Sisterly affection!' replied the mother, with emphasis.

The three sisters looked into each other's faces, as if trying to read each other's thoughts, but made no reply.

'Yes,' continued their mother, 'despite all their pretences, a sister's love is an affection which most boys esteem as something pure and precious. With some it has more power than a mother's love. It is a silken cord by which they often delight to be charmed away from evil deeds and guided into paths of virtue. But the sisters must win a brother's love by gentle words of sympathy with his trials, by cheerfully meeting his requests for little acts of service, and by warm expressions of sisterly regard. Few brothers can resist such displays of a sister's love. Longfellow says to the maiden of his song:

'Bear a lily in this hand!
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand!'

That lily is the pure love of a sister, than which no other human love is more pure. Try its power on your brothers, my dear daughters. You will not try in vain.'

These were new thoughts to those sisters. They led to much conversation on the duty of sisters, in the course of which the good widow told them how Caroline Herschel loved her brother, the great astronomer; how Dorothy Wordsworth by her affectionate attention led her brother into the studies which made him the poet of nature; and how Mary Lamb loved the gentle Charles Lamb, and won from him a love such as few brothers have ever cherished for a sister. This talk did these sisters good. It set them on a strong endeavor to win the regard of their brothers, and led them to begin that very Thanksgiving evening by greeting them on their return from their companions, not with frowns, but with such a smile on the lips as that which the poet Longfellow sings:

'And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art!'

—'Everybody's Magazine.'

Aunt Debbie's Thanksgiving.

(By Ivy B. Powers.)

'And next week is Thanksgiving, oh, dear.'

'Why, Debbie, to hear you talk one would think that you had nothing to be thankful for, I'm sure you'd ought to be, what with this home and all, and no one to bother you. There never was anyone more independent than you will be. Now, look at me, with Maria on my hands, with her constant grumbling, and Josiah, so bad with the rheumatism that he has to be waited on at every step, and the children besides, and yet I was just thinking that I was tolerably thankful this year.'

'I didn't say I wasn't thankful, Rachel, only I don't think Thanksgiving alone is very pleasant.'

'Thanksgiving alone? Why, you'll go to John's, of course? He's quite set his heart on having you come, I know.'

'Yes, I did almost promise him I'd come, but I've been thinking it over, and I can't seem to make up my mind to leave home on that day. Why, Rachel, I was never away from home on Thanksgiving Day, no matter where I was the rest of the year, I'm getting too old to change my ways now.'

My, how well I remember the good times we used to have here when we were children, and then afterwards when we grew up, and th boys married, they always came home for Thanksgiving, and mother and I had all the pleasure of planning and working. Our one big day of the year, we used to call it, Then when Tom's wife died, and he brought the children and came home to live, we had them. I can't help wishing he hadn't married again, and gone West to live, for it seems pretty lonesome now, but I guess Deacon, (stroking the cat by her side), that you and Trusty and me must have our Thanksgiving all to ourselves.'

'Well, Debbie, you do beat all, when you might just as well go to John's, and have as big a crowd as need be.'

'Yes, I know, only I want one more Thanksgiving in the old home, and after that I don't believe I shall care so much. Perhaps I shall not live to see another.'

These two old friends; friends they had been since childhood; talked on into the twilight. Finally, as Rachel was putting on her things before leaving, she said:

'That was a powerful sermon Elder Parkes preached last Sunday, and I was just thinking of his text, and allowing you might act on it, about asking in the lame and the halt, but law, I don't know as there be any sech, 'ceptin' old Miss Vedder, and she's got plenty to do for her.'

'Well, I was thinking of that, too, but where will you find the lame and the halt in this town, I should like to know. Everybody seems to have enough, not but that that's as it should be. Why, even Jason is looking ahead, and doing all his chores, bringing me in wood enough to last over, and I do believe he intends to feed the stock extra the day before, so as to last them over, and he can have the hull day to himself. But don't you worry about me, Rachel, for I shall do well enough.'

It was the morning before Thanksgiving Day, and Aunt Debbie was looking out at the fowls, and wondering if she had better have Jason kill one of the turkey gobblers, or whether she shouldn't have anything extra the next day, or just have an ordinary dinner; when Jason came in with an armful of wood.

'I say, Miss Debber,' he began, in his slow, drawling way, 'I was coming by Jack Brewster's this morning, and I see smoke coming out of that little old house by the mill-pond, and I thought I'd make bold to see what it meant, Just as I come near the door, the raggedest little shaver you ever see come out.

'"Hullo," says I, "who be you, anyway, and how long have you been living here?" "Come last night," says he, "and I ain't doing no harm here." "Yes," says I, "no good to yourself, neither," and I just looked in, seeing the door part open, and I see a little girl sitting on a box with a coat round her, and that was all I see. I couldn't get no more out'n the boy, neither, so I come on. Now, who do you suppose they be?'

'Well, do tell, Jason; who could they be? Why, that old house ain't fit to live in this time of year. Come last night, did they, well, well, you can hitch up, Jason, and I'll drive down and see about it, and Debbie bustled around, putting things to rights, and by the time that Jason drove up to the door she was ready to go.'

It was not long before she was listening to the children's story. Their father, it seemed, had lived in the town when he was a young man, but had gone away no one knew where. He had married, but his wife died when the children were small, and he had taken care of them the best he could, until he was taken sick, and then realizing that his end was near, he told the boy to take his sister and go back to the old town; for, said he, they never let any one suffer there; not if they were honest and not afraid of work.' And so here the children were.

It is needless to say that the door of aunt Debbie's heart swung wide open, and both the children walked right in, never to go out again.

No need, either to tell how she hurried around the rest of the day, and though her preparations were late, for her, it must not be thought that they were any the less good.

And maybe it wasn't with thankful hearts that they gathered around the table next day, and how the children's eyes sparkled at the abundance of good things set before them; the turkey, done to a beautiful brown; the chicken pie, the golden squash, the crisp celery; not even to mention the jellies, mince pie, and all. Aunt Debbie, even, seemed to grow young again, and when she closed her eyes that night, she said to herself: 'It has been very like the old times, after all, and even the old and lonely can be just as happy if only they keep their hearts young.',

There were various opinions expressed over Aunt Debbie's charge, and a few offered to help, Rachel among them, but Debbie said no, the farm had always supported a family, and she guessed it could for a while longer.

When Elder Parkes came to hear of it, as he did very soon, he walked away, saying to himself: 'The age of human kindness has not died out of the world yet, and hearts still throb in response to the cry of distress.'

The people looked at one another and smiled, the next Sunday as they sat in their respective places in the church, when Elder Parkes read for his text: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in—and inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'—'The Inland.'

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), speaking of his recent visit to the United States, says: 'With regard to those parts of America where there is prohibition, I had no opportunity for personal examination into the success of the results or the working of the measures, but I made inquiries. I was assured by some of their absolute success; I was assured by others that they could be easily evaded, and that it was far better not to have measures which could be evaded. But everything can be evaded if people set their minds to evade. There is no doubt that the prohibition measures have been a great boon to America, and I do not see why they should not be of as great value to this country.—'League Journal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Kidnapping of Tommy.

('Youth's Companion.')

'You're a sound sleeper, young man,' said a guard of the elevated railway, shaking Fred Esten's shoulder.

'What's the matter?' cried the boy, looking dazed for a moment, then grasped his strapful of school-books.

'Train's stopped—engine off track ahead. Will be here half an hour, maybe. Passengers all walked to next station. You can stay right here if you want to wait. Maybe you don't know your way in New York.'

'Oh, I know my way all right,' said Fred, adjusting his book-strap over his shoulder, and going out on the front platform. The train had stopped on a curve, and Fred found himself standing within a few feet of the dormer windows of an old, two-storey-and-a-half, dilapidated frame house.

The day was unseasonably hot for September. Not a breath of air stirred in the street. Forlorn women with wretched babies were lolling over the window-ledges of the tall tenement houses on either side of the low frame dwelling. Crowds of little children moved languidly about on the pavement below. Fred, all in danger from passing trucks and carts. Foul odors permeated the stifling atmosphere

The whole scene was the more unpleasant to Fred because this was his first day in the city after the long summer vacation on his father's fine farm. The boy had been attending a down-town school in New York for two years, and he boarded up-town with a bachelor uncle.

Fred, after pausing a moment on the platform, was about to follow the other passengers when his attention was caught by a sweet, babyish voice:

'F'ower! Div Tommy f'ower!'

This demand for the withering rosebud in Fred's buttonhole came from one of the dormer windows of the frame house. There stood a small scarecrow, a child not more than three years old, clad, notwithstanding the intense heat, in a great ragged overcoat. A gay bandana handkerchief tied a gigantic straw hat around the infant's head.

As the child held up its arms for the flower, two claw-like little hands emerged from the capacious sleeves and pushed the hat back so far that Fred could see the baby face, with big eyes eager for the flower.

'What a burning shame!' Fred muttered. 'The poor little thing! All alone, and dressed like that on a broiling day! Here, baby—catch.' He plucked the flower from his coat.

A beaming smile crept over the weazened little face as the posy went flying through the air and rested on the window-sill. But

THE CHILD HELD UP ITS HANDS FOR THE FLOWERS.

alas! the clumsy sleeve embarrassed the baby fingers and pushed the rose over into the street below. The look of rapture changed into one of hopeless sorrow.

'Hold on, baby, don't cry! I'm coming up there, and I'll bring you another,' cried Fred, cheerily.

He hurried on to the nearest stairs and, descending to the street, bought a rose and an apple, and hastened back to the 'scarecrow's' nest. Fred ascended into it by two flights of narrow worn-out stairs, meeting nobody on the way, though plenty of noise came from a dingy groggery below.

The scarecrow, sobbing pitifully, was lying on the floor when Fred opened the door into the attic room. There was nothing else to lie on. The room was empty, save for the presence of the child, some spiders, a broken-backed chair and some dainty pictures in water-color, pinned about the wall in effective groups.

Being rather a fastidious youth, Fred did not quite fancy handling the queer little heap on the floor. So stepping softly over to it he gently tickled its cheek with the rose. Again that look of rapture! The crying ceased. One hand grasped the rose, the other the apple. Fred was ignored.

'Say, now! Ain't you just awful good!' Fred heard a voice from somewhere. He turned to the door. There stood a ragged little girl, with an old, care-worn face.

'Are you this baby's sister? Seems to me you might take better care of it!' said Fred, sternly.

'Well, I ain't no sister of it! So there, Smarty!' returned the small girl, with scorn. 'I'm Lena Arabella Dyke, and I'm sister to seven young-uns in the basement, an' I guess them's 'nough for me to 'tend to—an' me only nine year old, goin' on ten, too! That there is Mr. Froment's Tommy.

'It's my pa as keeps the saloon downstairs,' went on the child, with pride, 'and Mr. Froment rents the room of us. He's a picture-painter and he's French, an' awful nice man—real good to Tommy when he ain't nervous. But he has the neural-gy terrible, an' the op-yum he has to take costs a terrible lot. That's where the bed's gone, you know, an' every stitch of Tommy's clo'es an' everything else.'

Fred could only gasp, 'Oh!' The girl went on: 'Say! I seen you when you threw the rose, an' I run out to grab it; but that there Plutskey girl, she grabbed it first, an' she's been struttin' up the sidewalk ever since, an' it in her hair! I despise that Plutskey girl, anyhow, she—'

'Hold on a second, please,' interrupted Fred. 'I want to ask some questions. Who takes care of Tommy when the father is nervous? Where's the mother, and why under the sun does the boy have this monstrous hat tied on—fore and aft under his chin—in the house?'

The girl nodded her head knowingly. 'Mr. Froment 'most allus does something kind of crazy when he's nervous. To-day 'twas so hot he was afraid Tommy'd be sunstruck—that's why! Don't you cut them strings! Mr. Froment 'ud be awful mad.'

Tommy had been too deeply absorbed in his apple thus far to show any interest in the conversation; but now, having disposed of the last vestige of the core, he looked up and said, 'Dood papa!' with an affectionate smile which showed that the wretched opium-eating father had someone who loved him still.

'Mrs. Froment was a terrible nice lady, She was took off with fever right in this room, this last August. He cried right out loud, Mr. Froment did, an' tored his hair out, when she died,' Lena Arabella went on. She had seated herself on the broken-backed chair and taken Tommy in her arms.

'She laid right here where I'm settin', Mrs. Froment did, an' I guess himself'll lay here soon, for since then he's had the neuralgy stiddy; an' this here child with nothin' to wear to the funeral but that there overcoat! Ain't it just shameful?'

'Like as not, though, Mr. Froment'll bring him some real pretty clo'es to-night—he most allus does when Tommy gets down to the overcoat. Once in a while he sells a pictur'. He's awful 'ticular 'bout Tommy—won't let him play with our children, they're so rough, he says; they be, too, An' he don't never let him out on the side-walk with

the street young-uns. So when Mr. Froment's off me an' ma has to try an' keep an eye on him 'way up here; an' it's kind o' hard, 'cause ma is a scrub-lady, an' is off all day.'

It was time for Fred to go. He said good-by and started on, but he could not get the picture of the little scarecrow out of his eyes all day. His sleep that night was disturbed by queer dreams of Lena Arabella's old-young, patient face, the desolate room and the neglected baby.

On his way to school next morning he was cheered by a glimpse, as the train swept by that dormer window, of an easel, an artist busily plying his brushes, and a changed Tommy, coolly arrayed in a fresh gingham dress, perched upon the artist's knee and leaning against the arm which held the palette.

Evidently Mr. Froment had sold a picture, and was at work again. During the weeks which followed Fred never forgot, as his train rounded the curve by that little house, to flash a glance in at the window. Sometimes the scene which met his glances was bright and comforting. Then again, the room would be bare of furniture, the child alone and scantily clad. Sometimes he saw Lena Arabella there—proud of her chance to feed or rock to sleep Lord Tommy, in his aristocratic seclusion.

One morning in November Fred saw, framed by the dormer window, a picture which made him feel sad all day. An easel, with a never-to-be-finished picture on it, was pushed back against the wall. A haggard, white-faced artist lay on a wretched cot, looking up beseechingly into the face of a priest who bent over him! When Fred passed again at nightfall, the broken green blinds were drawn and tied together with a narrow band of rusty crape.

Fred left the train at the next station and walked slowly back again.

'What am I doing this for, anyway?' he asked himself, as he reached the entrance to the dark stairway. 'It's no business of mine. Of course somebody will look out for Tommy. He'll probably be better off now than when his poor father was living.'

But Fred went on and up, and opened the door into the little attic room. It was very still and empty, though a cot stood there with candles burning at its head, throwing their soft light over the form of the dead man.

Fred stole softly down the stairs to the basement. There he found Lena Arabella, swaying from side to side as she sang the last pair of twins to sleep.

'Oh, my! how you scared me! But I'm glad you come, I be!' she exclaimed. 'Such awful luck as Tommy has! Here's Mrs. Giddens gone an' adopted him soon's his father's dead. It's all 'cause of thirty-seven dollars he'd just got for a picture! Poor Mr. Froment said "Yes," when she asked him, 'cause he was so weak and fargone, and she's dreadful soft-spoken, Mrs. Giddens is. He didn't know how ugly she gets over the drink. Her room is our second-floor front.'

Lena Arabella went on to give such a graphic description of the treatment which Tommy was likely to receive at the hands of his newly acquired guardian, that Fred returned to his boarding-house feeling very low-spirted, but comforted with the thought that on Thanksgiving day, which was only two days off, he would be going home, and could tell his mother all about it. 'Mother' could certainly suggest some remedy for the trouble.

The morning of Thanksgiving day found Fred making a long detour on his way to the Grand Central Station, in order to carry to Tommy and the Dyke children a box of candy, bought at the sacrifice of a new pair of gloves. Lena Arabella was out on the sidewalk with her brood of seven. She looked as if she had been crying, and her face did not light up even at the sight of Fred's 'treat.'

'Say—it's jest dretful 'bout Tommy! Mrs. Giddens is bad with drink to-day, an' she's been pounding Tommy up there in her room. I went up an' told her to quit, an' she throwed the frying-pan at my head, so I dassent go up again. I wish you—' the child paused and looked up hopefully at Fred.

'Why don't you have your father stop it?' said he.

'Guess you are smart! S'pose he'd fight with a second-floor fronter? Maybe if you was to go up an' kind of scare her 'bout telling the police 'less she stops thumping him—'

'What if she throws the frying-pan at my head?' suggested Fred, as he turned to ascend the stairs. Lena Arabella followed him cautiously to the second floor.

Fred knocked. No response. He turned the knob and looked in. Mrs. Giddens was sleeping soundly, her head resting on the table. Seeing this, Lena Arabella advanced boldly into the room, and drew Fred to a coal-bin in which Tommy, clad only in a pink calico night-dress, was lying—so quiet that Fred was frightened.

'He's only asleep,' whispered Lena Arabella. 'She give him sleeping-stuff, so's he wouldn't bother her with his crying. Jest look here!'

The little girl pointed to bruises on the tiny body, and pushing back a curly lock of hair, disclosed a cut still bleeding. The sight made Fred feel sick, but it helped him to make up his mind.

'Look here! I can't stand this sort of thing, you know!' he gasped. 'Just give me something to bundle him up in—quick! I'm going to take him home to my mother.'

Lena Arabella did not look surprised. She accepted the plan promptly.

'That's real good!' she said, simply. 'There ain't nothing to put on him but this here old overcoat he's lying on. Mrs. Giddens has pawned all his pretty funeral clo'es.'

Fred gently lifted the baby from its forlorn cradle. It moaned as if in pain. Mrs. Giddens opened her eyes and tried to spring up, but fell over in a deeper stupor than before.

With this queer bundle in his arms Fred arrived at the station only just in time to catch the train.

'Hullo! See Esten! Look at the kid! Glory! Where'd you get that kid?'

Fred groaned as he saw three of his school fellows spring to their feet as he made his way through the car.

'The Tiptons and Van Pelt! I'll never hear the end of this,' he thought, as, nodding carelessly at his friends, he sauntered past them, trying to look indifferent to his bundle. Fred had a keen horror of appearing ridiculous. His cheeks were flaming, but with an airy grace he looked over his shoulder as he went on into the next car, and called back, 'Just something I'm taking home to the family. Nice little dainty for Thanksgiving, isn't it?'

Then he found a vacant seat, propped the still sleeping Tommy up in a corner, and sitting down beside him, gave way to melancholy thoughts.

'Why didn't those fellows take the early train, as they usually do! Van Pelt, of all the school, to find me in this fix!'

Van Pelt, however, was possessed of a fine discerning eye.

'I believe Esten is doing something rather fine, do you know!' he remarked to the Tiptons, 'and I'm going to find out about it before I leave this train.'

Accordingly Fred presently was aware that Van Pelt was seated opposite him, eyeing him sharply. Van Pelt was Fred's senior by three years, the head of the school and the unconscious object of Fred's deepest admiration.

'That's not a very plump turkey, Esten,—and it's feathers show rough handling,' he

'THAT'S NOT A VERY PLUMP TURKEY.'

murmured softly, as he patted the ragged coat. 'Come, now, old fellow, tell me all about it.'

'I wish you fellows would leave me alone!' growled Fred, savagely. 'It's father's just buried, and a brute of a woman was knocking it about so I kidnapped it, that's all—now, get out!'

'All right, Esten, I'm off.'

Greatly to Fred's relief no one else recognized him, though several people cast curious glances at his sleeping charge. Tommy roused a little when Fred carried him from the car at the little country station, from which a path led through a wide field up to the pretty modern country house where Fred's parents lived. Fred's heart was sinking within him now.

'What will father say! Maybe even mother will be down on me—there are six of us children already! Oh, dear, dear! I wonder if I'm in an awful scrape! Well, I'll soon find out. Over the stile and across the field and into the house—here we go, Tommy!'

He dashed in at a side door and made his way breathlessly into the parlor.

There they all were — the large family party, gathered together for their midday Thanksgiving dinner. Grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins, all were there.

His mother was watching at a front window, evidently expecting him to come in at the front door. Tommy was wide-awake now, and kicking himself free from the overcoat, so it was only the thin, pink calico-covered little form which Mrs. Esten found herself holding, while Fred, with big, excited eyes, bravely faced the multitude.

'Father, I had to do it! I had to bring it home to mother. Don't say I did wrong! There was no time to hand it over to the Prevention of Cruelty men—that fiend might have killed him while I was going for them!'

Fred looked swiftly round, and saw no looks but those of sympathy and admiration. Greatly encouraged, he told his tale clearly from beginning to end, sitting on an arm of his mother's chair, 'with light upon him from his father's eyes.'

The family had all closed in about them—the ladies down on their knees before the infant Tommy, the men standing on the outer edge of the circle, the children wedging themselves in between as best they could.

Tommy's chief inheritance from his artistic father was an eye for color. The bright, pretty dresses about him, the bunches of roses which the ladies wore, pleased him keenly, thrilled him, and brought out that

same rapturous smile which had won Fred's heart at the first meeting.

'See him laugh! Oh, the darling!' exclaimed somebody.

'What lovely, dreamy eyes!' ejaculated someone else; while Fred's heart swelled with hope and pride.

Aunt Sylvia Radbourn looked up at her husband with eyes swimming with tears. They had lost a little child of their own since last Thanksgiving Day—their only child.

'We will keep him,' said Aunt Sylvia's husband, with brimming eyes.

The scene was becoming too affecting all around. Grandmama was crying now. It made Fred feel uneasy.

'I'm as hungry as a bear!' he burst forth, 'Where's our Thanksgiving dinner?'

'Just ready. Here comes Tilda to summon us,' answered his mother.

Some whispered words were exchanged between Aunt Sylvia and her husband. One of the maids carried off Tommy, and the company proceeded to the dining-room. When dessert time came Aunt Sylvia left the room, and presently returned with Tommy on her arm, robed in white and rosy from a bath.

'Bring forth a high chair, somebody,' she said. 'Charles and I want our boy at table with us.'

Uncle Charles Radbourn went down to New York the next morning, and by closely following Lena Arabella's able advice as to the best way of dealing with Mrs. Giddens, succeeded in arranging affairs amicably with that lady, who was already rather cowed by the little girl's dark insinuations that if she did not want to get into the savage clutches of the 'invention of cruelty folks,' she had better keep very quiet about Tommy's mysterious disappearance. Lena seemed entirely satisfied when Mr. Radbourn told her of his intention to adopt Tommy.

'That's good!' she said, heartily. 'Tommy's that young, I 'spose he won't much miss the city; but if it was me—my! I'd be dretful lonesome in the country, an' scared all the time too, 'bout the young 'uns gettin' eat up by bears an' snakes.'

Fred arrived at school a little later than usual on the morning of the Monday after Thanksgiving day. Masters and pupils were

'HE'S ALL RIGHT.'

all gathered in the large school-room, ready for the opening exercises, when he entered. Van Pelt had arrived early, very early, and had told his tale graphically.

'What's the matter with Fred Esten, the kidnapper?' shouted Charlie Tipton; and masters and pupils united in the answering shout 'He's all right!'

The Turkey-Man's Little Girl.

(By Mrs. O. W. Scott.)

'There comes the turkey-man!' shouted Fred and Bob Bradley, in concert, opening the kitchen door just enough to admit their heads.

'The turkey-man is coming!' repeated Barby, looking up from her apple-paring.

'Turkey-man' echoed Rose, twisting her little head over one shoulder.

By this time Mrs. Bradley fully understood that the 'turkey-man' was at the door; and, hastily wiping the flour from her hands, she emerged from the pantry.

A turkey at Thanksgiving and one at Christmas was all she could afford; hence the buying of the birds was a business venture in which the whole family was interested. Instead of going to the village market they patronized a nice old farmer who appeared every year with the regularity of the President's proclamation, and his antiquated horse and waggon at the gate had been the signal of this announcement.

'Good morning,' said Mrs. Bradley, 'have you brought me a nice turkey for Thanksgiving?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied the farmer, 'it aint no great year for turkeys, but mine has done first-rate, and I've saved you a good plump one. It's a hefty one, too, — weight ten pounds, if I ain't mistaken.'

Mrs. Bradley touched the plump breast and pronounced herself satisfied. Then, with the boys and Rose to assist, she brought her pocket-book and counted out two dollars and thirty-one cents into the hard brown palm outspread to receive it. The farmer produced a canvas bag from his overcoat pocket, into which the silver fell with a comfortable jingle, as if it found company there. Rob looked at the bag with much interest. It was much more business-like, he thought, than purse or pocket-book, and he decided to carry one like it when he was a man.

'Let's see! Where did I put my hat?' inquired the turkey-man, looking around helplessly.

'It's under your arm, same as 'twas last year,' said Rob, laughing outright.

The farmer laughed too, as he thrust it upon his head, and said, 'Good-by till I bring your Christmas turkey.'

'There! he's left his weighers,' cried Barby, a minute later, and Rob was sent in haste to overtake the waggon.

'He forget 'em just that way last year. Don't you remember, mother? His memory seems to be the worst part of him;' and then Barby turned to her pan of red-cheeked Baldwins again, like the sedate little housekeeper she was. She was a mite of a girl only seven years old when her father died four years before, but from that time she had taken upon her shoulders a share of the family cares. She had said then, when her teacher had enquired the cause of a week's absence from school: 'We are widows,' and the pathetic partnership had never been broken.

On Wednesday evening the turkey was brought down from the cold attic, that it might be made ready for the oven. Uncle Robert and his family were coming from Kirtery to spend the day, and everything must be in readiness for the great event.

'I mean to raise turkeys when I get my farm,' said Rob, with hands thrust deep into his pockets. 'It must be fun to feed 'em and give 'em their baths.'

'Oh, ho,' laughed Fred. 'Rob thinks that you have to take care of turkeys same as you do of a canary. They swim in the brooks themselves, don't they?'

'You are thinking of ducks, dear child,' said his mother. 'That's all you boys know about a farm. Oh, dear, if your father had lived you would have gone into the country every summer. I wish'—

But Mrs. Bradley did not finish her sentence. She had thrust her hand into the cavity which was to be filled with dressing, and had drawn out a folded paper.

'Ho, ho,' laughed Rob, 'he swallowed his spelling lesson, I guess.' Rob had to write his lessons.

Mrs. Bradley opened the paper, and with three pairs of eyes looking on, she read:

'I don't know who will buy this turkey but I do wish you would send me some story books. I'm tired to death of ours, and I am lame so I can't go to school or play—or I want a doll with hair and whole legs. If you will I will thank you 1 thousand times. My name is Rose, and I am ten years old.'

'Well, isn't that the queerest?' and Mrs. Bradley turned the paper over as if she might discover a little girl on the other side.

'It must be the turkey-man's little girl,' said Barby, thoughtfully. 'If she were in our school she would be called a very poor speller. But I don't believe her father knew about it, do you? He looks like a very honest man.'

'She's lame, Barb, that's why,' interrupted Fred. 'Must be awful hard not to go to school and jump round and do things. I'll give her my second reader, and good riddance.'

'There, now, we won't decide anything about it to-night. We'll wait until Uncle Robert and Aunt Laura come;' and then Mrs. Bradley pinned the little letter up on the calendar in the kitchen. The Thanksgiving dinner was delightful to see, to smell, and to taste, when the family, with Uncle Robert, Aunt Laura, and their children, Robert P. and Clarinda, surrounded the table on the following day.

The turkey, especially had distinguished itself by coming out of the oven with the nut-brown color and juicy plumpness which characterize New England 'natives.' Uncle Robert complimented it in the carving, and still more in the eating; and after he had said: 'I'm sure, Laura, I never ate the equal of this,' for the third time, Barby ventured to say: 'Now, mama, tell them about the turkey-man's little girl's letter.'

So Mrs. Bradley began, and with Barby and Fred, and Rob, and the letter itself to help her, she made the story very interesting.

'Poor little thing,' said Aunt Laura. 'I suppose they have a few old books about wars, and some church papers, perhaps. Why can't we collect some nice children's books and send them to her? Dear me, what faith she must have, to make a post-office of a turkey's stomach!'

'Quite a roundabout way, I should think, to send it by Turkey,' added Robert P. And then he grew very red, and looked steadfastly into his plate, for he had not only made a joke, but he had used several tones of voice in speaking. Robert P.'s voice was changing, and he went from treble to bass without a moment's warning.

But they all laughed, and that is always a good thing on Thanksgiving Day.

'But we don't know where she lives,' said Mrs. Bradley. 'The turkey-man said he drove ten miles; but whether he came from the Plains, or East Sagamore, or West Sagamore, we've no idea.'

'And we don't know what her name is — only just Rose,' added Barby; and little Rose put down the 'wish-bone long enough to remark: 'Her name is just like mine, only she's lame.'

'Well,' suggested Uncle Robert, as he tried to take up a drop of cranberry sauce from the clean white table-cloth without leaving a spot, 'the man will come around with Christmas turkeys, won't he?'

'Yes, oh, yes. He never fails to come,' said Mrs. Bradley.

'All right, just get your box ready, and let him take it back with him,'

'Why didn't we think of that?' cried the children.

'Then it will be a Christmas present,' continued Uncle Robert.

'Yes, there are Robert P.'s and Clarinda's books up in the attic. Every year I think I'll send them somewhere, and then I don't know where they're wanted.'

'You might put in my doll, too,' suggested Clarinda.

'Yes, you're fifteen, and won't play with dolls any more, I should hope.'

'Well, I'll send the box over by the Chemoset stage some day next week. I know the driver, and he won't charge if he knows it's for charity.' So it was decided, and, as Aunt Laura was a woman of her word, the box came in due time.

Barby and Fred and Rob and Rose examined its contents with great satisfaction. There were delightful story books and magazines and games, and a doll which seemed to fill a little hungry spot in Barby's heart at once. She had not played much with dolls since the time when she became 'a widow.' In fact, little Rose had worn out her last precious relics long ago. Her mother had noticed the lack, and offered to buy a new one, but Barby had replied, 'Hadn't we better use the money for Rob's shoes?' So she had voluntarily sacrificed her 'doll days.'

But here was Clarinda's out-grown one—so large and perfect, so beautiful in its handsome clothing, Barby wanted it for her very own. But no; after one motherly hug, not hard enough to crush the satin puffs on its sleeves, she kissed it gravely and laid it back, mutely asking forgiveness of the turkey-man's little girl, for her momentary covetousness.

The Bradleys added a file of bright children's papers, Fred contributed a set of jack-straws, Rose a family of paper dolls cut from a big fashion sheet, and Barby wrote a nice letter for them all. Then the box was nailed up again.

Long before Christmas the children began to watch for the turkey-man's old white horse, and many a time Rob raised a false alarm, which sent them all flying to the front window; but, finally, one cold morning, he actually appeared.

After the usual purchase had been made Mrs. Bradley, surrounded by the children, all in a state of suppressed excitement, told him the story of the letter found inside the Thanksgiving turkey, and showed him the box of treasures.

'She hadn't ought to have done it,' said the turkey-man, huskily, as he wiped his forehead with a huge bandana. 'That ain't one bit like Rosy—she's shy of strangers; but she

must a got round them turkeys when her ma and I wasn't looking. You see, ma'am, Rosy's all we've got. The rest all died when they was babies, and she's lame. She just walks a little on crutches. There's a doctor in the city that cures folks, sometimes, as bad as she is—so they say—and her ma and I want to take Rosy there. It'll cost lots o' money—that's what I've been savin' it for. But if I'd knowed she wanted a doll'—

The turkey-man could say no more just then. He put on his old fur cap, shouldered the box and started away.

'You won't scold her for writing the letter, will you?' cried Barby, anxiously.

'Scold her? Scold Rosy,' and then the children could hear no more, the farmer was in such a hurry to reach his sleigh.

'There, if he hasn't left his weighers again,' exclaimed Barby. 'No, Rob, I'm going out with 'em this time my own self.'

When Barby came back and took her place at the window with the rest to watch the final departure of the box on its joyful errand, she said in a tone of awe: 'Mother, if you believe it, the turkey-man is crying. When he turned round to take his weighers, I saw tears on both his cheeks.'—'California Advocate.'

Correspondence

St. Catharines.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. I enjoy reading the correspondence.

I read in the 'Christian Guardian' that the men at Dawson City will soon be shut in for nine months and they have nothing to read but some old newspapers, that cost from fifty cents to one dollar. I am writing to see if the people who read the 'Messenger' would like to save all the back numbers of the Christian papers that they take in their homes, and send them to Dawson City, by post, with the postage prepaid.

The address where the papers are to be sent is Rev. James Turner, Dawson City, N.W.T.

I will close my letter now. Your twelve-year-old reader,

ETTA.

Walkerton.

Dear Editor,—The corespondence of your paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' has always interested me, and in looking over this week's I noticed a letter from three Chesley girls, stating that their school was the nicest in this county. Several persons of authority, having visited several of the schools, Chesley included, say that there is only one school in the Province that can compare with Walkerton. Both high and public school grounds are beautifully kept. My home is just opposite the schools, and in summer the foliage is so thick that we can scarcely see any of the large building except the cupola; and in winter it is really a very beautiful sight to see the snow glistening on the many evergreen hedges and trees. There are two buildings in the public school grounds; one having four rooms and the other eight, nine of which are occupied. Across the road is the high school, equally nice. We have also good teachers and caretaker, and splendid, large playgrounds. The school is heated by a furnace, and has good ventilation.

Hoping Walkerton may always keep up its good name in this line, I will close with good wishes to your paper,

WINNIFRED.

Frog Lake.

Dear Editor,—My aunt sends us the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like to read the letters very much, so I thought I would write one too. We live on the shore of Frog Lake, and we have a fine time skating on it. It is a very small lake. I have a pet dog and a pet cat. I call the dog Clyde; but I have no name for the cat. I have two miles to go to school; but I go quite regularly in summer. I go to Sunday-school, too, which is held in the school-house. I am eight years old. Yours truly,

MINNIE.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have seen so many letters in the 'Messenger' that I am going to write myself. I live in Vancouver and it is a very nice place; the principal part of the city is situated on a peninsula. On one side is Burrard Inlet, and there is also a small branch of English Bay, called False Creek. We have a boat-house and a boat. It is very pleasant in summer. I am in the third reader in school. Yours truly,

BLANCHE McD., Aged 10.

Rapid City.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one too. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like reading it very much, especially the correspondence. I live on a farm, about ten miles from town. I walk two miles to Sunday-school, and one and a half to day-school.

I have two cows to milk night and morning. When I lived in town I used to go to the Junior Epworth League, as I am a member of it. It was held in the church every Friday afternoon, at four o'clock. I never lived on a farm till last spring. I have a kitten named Spot, it is black and white; I have a dog, named Rover. I am very fond of dogs and cats. I have two sisters, and two brothers. My oldest sister goes to school with me. I will write again some other time. Your eleven year old reader,

NELLIE.

Bloomfield.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' Papa keeps a store. I go to school every day, and to Sunday-school on Sunday. We have five cats, three cows, and one calf. I have got two brothers and one sister. Yours truly,

FRANK, age 9.

Horning's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' I thought I would write one. My papa takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much, especially the correspondence.

I live in a village which has about four hundred inhabitants. There is quite a business done here. There are two grist mills, one saw mill, one woollen factory, one hoop factory, one planing factory, and four stores. The different shops in the village are—one shoe maker, one harness maker, two butchers, one baker, two waggon makers, and two blacksmiths. There are three churches and two schools, and quite a number of dwelling houses.

My father is a carpenter, and is away from home a great deal. I have two sisters older than myself. I go to school every day, and am in the third reader. I go to the Methodist Sabbath-school every Sunday. With many respects to your little paper. I remain, your nine-year-old reader,

ETHEL L.

Spencer's Island, Parrsboro.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and mother reads the stories to me and some I can read myself. I would like to have the papers Ella R. has to spare, to send to some little cousins of mine in England, if she would please forward them to Holly McLellan.

[So many 'Messenger' readers have already asked Ella R. to send them the papers she so kindly offered that it is probable she has none left now. Ed.]

North River Platform, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and I like it very much. My father is a merchant and he has a mill. We have a parrot and two canaries. The parrot is too young to talk yet. I am in the fourth reader. I would be very pleased if Ella R. would send me some of the 'Children's Records.' My address is Susie Jones, North River Platform, West Co., N.B. Yours truly,

SUSIE J.

[See note to Holly's letter, Ed.]

Spencer's Island, Parrsboro.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and my sister Holly takes the 'Messenger,' and I read the stories in it and like them very much. I have five sisters and three brothers, and we have lots of fun, all the time. In summer we go to the beach and bathe, in winter we coast. I have a cow, and we all have hens for pets. My mother's home is in England, and some day I hope to go there. I remain your reader,

SUSIE P. M.

West Head, Cape S. Island.

Dear Editor,—Having just finished reading this week's 'Messenger,' I will try and write you a letter, describing the place where I live.

Cape Island is about thirty-three miles in circumference. The people are mostly fishermen. Clark's Harbor is the largest place. It has a large school-house, which I attend, having four rooms. Then there are five other school-houses. There are five Baptist churches, one Presbyterian, one Advent Church, and two Salvation Army corps. There is a tin factory, and there are three lobster factories, also a great many stores, and only two hotels. I guess this is all the description that is required for this time. I have four sisters and three brothers. I attend school nearly every day, and I am in grade ten. My teacher has been teaching our school for three years. Hoping that this will not take up too much space, I remain yours sincerely,

S. G. W., Age 14.

Molesworth.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would take the pleasure of writing to the 'Messenger,' this afternoon. I go to the Presbyterian Sabbath-school, and get the 'Messenger,' which I am much interested in. I go to the day-school, and am in the third reader. It is about two miles from our place. I remain your nine-year-old correspondent,

ELIZABETH C.

Glenwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years of age, and have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly two years, and like it very much, especially the page for 'Boys and Girls.' We have a good school here which I attend regularly, and am in the fourth class. We also have a Sunday-school, of which my father is superintendent. About sixty scholars attend, and we have quite a large library.

I have read a number of the books in it, and like reading very much.

A lumber and stave business is carried on here and so the village is a busy place. It is also on the Lake Erie and Detroit Railway. I remain, your reader,

GEORGE E.

Walford Station.

Dear Editor,—Some of my friends have been sending me a copy of the 'Messenger,' for some time, and I like it very well. We have two horses, named Maud and Dock; and we have two cows. I have a bicycle and a big dog and a lot of chickens. I am a boy, ten years of age. This is my first letter in the 'Messenger.'

STACEY W.

Cargill.

Dear Editor, — I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school. I am in the second reader. I have been visiting my cousins in Iowa with my papa and mamma. I had a good time. There are lots of hills and trees over there. I thought I would see a prairie, but I was not far enough west. I stopped in Chicago three days, and saw the animals in Lincoln Park. I also stopped in Detroit two days. We crossed the Mississippi River at Savannah. I atend Sunday-school and belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion. I would like if every boy in Canada would sign the pledge also,

LORNE.

East Margaretville.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many little girls' letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought that I would endeavor to write one too, although it is the first time.

I have two sisters and two brothers, I go to Sunday-school and church every Sunday.

I go to the day-school every day. I am eleven years old, and I am in the seventh grade. I will say good-by now, from,

FLORA H.

Cherry Valley.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to your little paper, I now take the opportunity to write. I live in a little village, about five miles from town. There are two groceries, one general store, two dress-making shops, four blacksmith shops, and one saw-mill.

I have a canary and two kittens. My two brothers are younger than myself. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth book. I spent a very enjoyable time in the holidays, at my grandma's, in the country. Just in front of her house is the road which leads to a light-house, along the shore of Lake Ontario.

I am going to sing a song at a temperance rally on Nov. 7. I belong to the temperance lodge. There were seven who voted against prohibition in this village, although there are no taverns here. My father owns an evaporator. We have taken the 'Messenger,' along with the 'Witness,' for about a year. I have got two girls to take the 'Messenger,' and I will send their names if they don't change their minds. As it is getting quite late I will close, I remain, your sincere friend,

ALMA P., Age 12.

HOUSEHOLD.

Hard Times Thanksgiving.

The Browns had felt the hard times seriously, and when it came near the holidays, Mrs. Brown wondered how they might make merry and invite in a few friends as usual. She could not serve the elaborate dinner she had been accustomed to, and yet she felt that the spirit of hospitality was so much more than the menu, that she was inclined to invite as usual, and serve as she could. She looked over her table-linen, and decided to serve dinner to a dozen persons. Her menu was:

Bouillon.
Turkey with Dressing. Creamed Potatoes.
Turnips.
Potato Salad with Wafers.
Jellied Cranberries. Sponge Cake.
Pumpkin Pie.

This seemed like a small variety, but the dinner was good and enjoyable. The bouillon was made from a good soup-bone, which was put into cold water and simmered for four hours the day before. The stock was strained off, and it was seasoned with celery, salt and white pepper. The whole was cleared with the white of an egg, and strained to make translucent. This was served in cups.

The turkey was made ready for the oven the day before, having the dressing of bread-crumbs put inside; the legs and wings of the fowl were wrapped in strips of clean muslin to prevent drying out in the oven; the fowl was rubbed with drippings.

Potato Salad.—Four large potatoes were cooked and mashed smoothly, a couple of onions minced and mixed with the potato. A dressing of the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, one small cupful vinegar, one teaspoonful pepper, one dessertspoonful celery seed, the same of salt, one tablespoonful each of prepared mustard and melted butter. The yolks were mashed and mixed with the butter; the other ingredients added and mixed well with the potato, and it was served very cold, garnished with the whites of the eggs cut in rings and with fancy sections of pickled beets.

Jellied Cranberries.—Look over a couple of quarts of the berries, and add a pint of water, cook till tender, which will take but a few minutes, add a pint of sugar and turn into a dish. They will form a jellied mould. If preferred the berries may be put through a collander first.

Sponge Cake.—One cupful of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one-third cupful of boiling water; add this last; flavor with vanilla, one teaspoonful. Cut in squares.

Pumpkin Pie.—For the crust for two pies use a little more than a cupful of flour; add a very heaping tablespoonful of lard, a little salt, and mix lard and flour partially; add a little less than half a cupful of water and mix to roll out. It is not necessary to mix smoothly. For filling, two cups of sifted pumpkin, two cupfuls of rich milk, two eggs, one-third spoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, and ginger; sweeten to taste with sugar, or with equal parts of sugar and molasses: add a little salt.

Mrs. Brown prepared everything as nearly as she could the day before. The morning of the day she stirred up her sponge cake and made the pies, as such things are much better when perfectly fresh. The table in the dining-room was neatly set with one of her finest tablecloths, and, to simplify the serving, the plates, etc., were placed upon it. In the centre of the table she placed a bit of linen embroidered with white Roman floss, and upon this, in a glass dish filled with moss, a horn of plenty, made of pasteboard, and covered with moss; it was filled with mitchella vines and red berries. The table was wreathed with running pine, which grows so freely in most of the forests. This had bitter sweet berries at intervals amidst the green, and looked very pretty. At either end of the table baskets cut from very small pumpkins were placed on pretty doilies, with button-holed edges, done with wash silks. The baskets were filled with vines and berries. Little bouquets at each plate carried out the idea of red and green, red geranium flowers with sprigs of asparagus tenuissimus.

She did not try to serve the dinner in courses. As she was doing her own work, and wished to enjoy the occasion as fully as possible, the substantial part of the dinner was put upon the table, and when this was partaken of, the plates were removed with the substantial food, the table was quickly brushed with a napkin, and the dessert was brought in. Everybody had a good time, and no one was known to be sick afterward.—Rose Seelye Miller, in 'Christian Herald.'

GRATEFUL AND HOPEFUL.

Few have more reason for gratitude than the editors of the 'Northern Messenger,' for its circulation has been throughout the past twelve months increasing by leaps and bounds, and its influence, solemn thought! has kept pace with its circulation. Who can tell what part the 'Messenger' plays in bringing about and heralding the kingdom of our Lord. Certainly the fact that temperance sentiment in Canada is far stronger than in any other country in the world must be owing to a very considerable extent to the work done by the 'Messenger' in the last thirty-three years. The 'Messenger' has far and away the largest circulation of any Sunday-school paper in Canada. Its popularity is due to its warm, helpful, Christian tone, and the very large amount of reading matter of a most interesting and inspiring kind which it gives its readers every week. The 'Messenger' is not devoted to art or literature and only uses these to the extent that they contribute to its general effectiveness. And the 'Messenger' has a heart that beats for every one of its flock, old and young, numbering perhaps 200,000 souls. The lambs and those that are weak or in distress by reason of the roughness of the way, have its tenderest sympathy and care. Who can estimate the influence of such a paper upon a boy or girl or upon a home. As an auxilliary to the Sunday-school and to the entire church work the 'Messenger' fills a niche that pastors and superintendents, and teachers, and parents, and scholars, all acknowledge to be well filled. The price is so low as to make such a paper irresistible. Even trustee boards will vote an appropriation to it, knowing that it inculcates the spirit of giving to the support of the church upon both young and old. Those that get it into new homes or new schools do a good work. Let each reader do something after reading "Premiums."

Splendid Premiums Easily Earned.

Since remodelling and enlarging the 'Messenger' its circulation has almost doubled. Most of the leading Sunday-schools of the country distribute it regularly. Many of them regard it as a most valuable auxiliary to their denominational paper, and others find it all-sufficient. Nowhere else can a school get a large twelve-page weekly paper, illustrated, at 20c per annum, which is the Sunday-school club rate for the 'Messenger.'

Yet there are many schools which do not take it, chiefly because we are unable to learn who has the choosing of the paper.

We have decided, therefore, to depend on our subscribers to bring the 'Messenger' to the notice of pastor, superintendent or librarian, as the case may be, having charge of the Sunday-school papers in any Sabbath school within their reach.

Where the 'Messenger' has not been taken within the last two years, we will make it easy to obtain a club by offering to send the paper for distribution throughout the entire school for three consecutive Sundays free of charge, on the order of any pastor, superintendent or librarian, and when the order for the year comes to hand with the club rate, will award a premium to the one endorsed by the officers of the school as having been instrumental in securing the club as follows:—

A club of 50 or over—A Teacher's Bagster Bible, worth about $2.00.

Club of 100 or over—A Pastor's Oxford Bible, the Authorized or Revised Version, or the Presbyterian Book of Praise, with or without music as may be preferred, worth about $5.00 or over.

A club of 200 or over—A Gentleman's Sterling Silver Waltham Watch.

A club of 300 or over—A Gentleman's Sterling Silver Waltham Watch and Chain.

A club of 400 or over—A Gentleman's Gold Filled 20-year Waltham Watch.

A club of 500 or over—A Gentleman's Gold Filled, 20-year Waltham Watch and Chain.

CONDITIONS.

1. The Sunday-school ordering the club must be one that has not taken the 'Messenger' during the past two years, and a statement to this effect must accompany the order.

2. An express or post-office order for the amount must also accompany the order.

3. The person claiming the premium must be certified by the officers of the school as having been the one instrumental in obtaining the order.

4. One or more clubs to make up the required number to obtain any of these premiums will be accepted.

For further particulars, address

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Office of the 'Northern Messenger,'
Montreal.

The Teachers' Bible

is the same as we have been offering of late and of which we have already given several thousand as premiums. Large type (Long Primer), good paper, silk sewed, bound in real leather, limp covers, round corners, divinity circuit, red under gold edges. At the back are a number of very attractive features to bible students and teachers, among others a concordance, an alphabetical index to the Scriptures and 13 maps with index. Publisher's price has been $3.00; we can sell at $2.00, and prepay postage to any address in Canada. But we prefer to give them as premiums. See our offer 'Splendid Premiums.'

THE PASTOR'S BIBLE,

Or the Presbyterian Book of Praise.

SOMETHING SUPERFINE.

1. THE PASTOR'S BIBLE—Minion, 8vo. References, Oxford India Paper, bound in Oxford Levant Morocco, Yapp covers, or as sometimes called Divinity Circuit, lined with calf-and-silk sewn. Is usually sold in the retail stores at from $5.00 to $6.00.

2. REVISED VERSION, also 8vo., printed and bound exactly as No. 1. Usually sold at from $6.00 to $6.50.

3. THE PRESBYTERIAN BOOK OF PRAISE, with music, bound in 'Alaska Seal,' Yapp covers, also leather lined and silk sewn. Cannot be sold under contract in the retail book stores at less than $4.50.

4. Large type edition, without music, in all other respects same as No. 3.

With regard to the Pastor's Bible and these hymn books we cannot hope to do them justice. We never saw daintier books of their kind. The Oxford Bibles are indeed rare specimens of the finest printing and book-binding done anywhere in the world. These books are all of about a size and just about half an inch thick. Think of it, the entire Bible printed in large type and only half an inch in thickness. The secret lies in the fine paper used—such a book will last a lifetime. They are very expensive, but they are the best that are made. We can sell any of them at $4.50 each, but prefer to give them as premiums. See our offer 'Splendid Premiums.'

OUR WATCH PREMIUMS

Are all made by the celebrated Waltham Watch Company, are stem winding and setting, have 7 jewelled movements, exposed pallets, compensation balance, patent Breguet hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, and are splendid timekeepers. We could have got cheaper grades of Waltham works, but deemed these superior watches the cheaper in the end.

GENTLEMEN'S STERLING SILVER OPEN FACE WATCH, with engine turned case, sells for from $8.00 to $10.00 in the Montreal stores. Our price, $8.00.

In the event of a ladies' watch being selected, by one entitled to a premium under the conditions of our offer, $1.65 will have to be sent, as the ladies' sterling silver watches we are offering cost that much more. The ladies' sterling silver watch has a beautifully engraved hunting case. Our price, $10.00. Free on conditions under 'Splendid Premiums.'

GENTLEMEN'S GOLD-FILLED OPEN FACE WATCH, with tastefully engraved case, warranted 20 years by the manufacturers. Or a

LADIES' GOLD-FILLED HUNTING CASE WATCH, elaborately engraved case, warranted 20 years by manufacturers.

Either of these gold-filled watches bring from $16.00 to $20.00 in the Montreal stores. Our price $16.00 post paid. Free on conditions under 'Splendid Premiums.'

WATCH CHAINS AND GUARDS

The Gentlemen's Sterling Silver Chain is of the Albert pattern, close linked, solid, and strong. They sell locally for $2.15 to $2.50. Our price, post paid, $2.15.

In the event of a Ladies' Sterling Silver Watch Guard being desired, by one entitled to a premium under the conditions of our offer, 70c will have to be sent us, as these Ladies' Sterling Watch Guards exceed the price of the Men's Sterling Chains by that amount. These guards are about four feet long, and well worth $3.00 to $3.50, and are strong and very neat. Our price, $3.00.

The Gentleman's Gold-filled Chain is of the Albert pattern, with somewhat larger and more open links, and is 1-20 gold and will last ten years or more. These chains are worth $2.50 to $3.00. Our price is $2.50.

In the event of a Ladies' gold-filled Guard being desired, by one entitled to a premium under the conditions of our offer, $1.30 will have to be sent as these guards cost just that much more than the men's gold-filled chains. These guards are about four feet long, and very dainty indeed. They sell all the way up to $6.00. Our price is $5.00.

NOTE.—We have simply noted the prices at which we can afford to sell these goods to our subscribers in case some may want to buy instead of earning them. We, however, will have far more satisfaction in donating a large number of these premiums to our subscribers for introducing the 'Messenger' to Sunday-schools that have not taken it of late. To see it is to want it. The trouble is to get it to the attention of the right people. You can do this in the cases of schools in your neighborhood far better than we can. Won't you? It is a good work and carries with it a handsome reward.

Song For Harvest.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
  Raise the song of 'Harvest Home.'
All is safely gathered in,
  Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
  For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
  Raise the song of 'Harvest Home.'

We ourselves are God's own field,
  Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown;
  Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
  Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
  Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
  And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day,
  All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last,
  In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store,
  In his garner evermore.

Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
  Raise the song of 'Harvest Home.'
All are safely gathered in,
  Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
  In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
  Raise the glorious 'Harvest Home.'

—Henry Alford.

A Thanksgiving Story.

Thanksgiving Day was drawing towards a close. It had been bright and sunshiny without, and as for the interior of the house where the children lived, it had scarcely seemed large enough to hold all the happy people within.

There was the father and the mother, and the story-teller and the four children and ever so many relatives who had come from far and near to keep the family festival together.

They had had dinner, of course, and much pleasant talking, and various games and amusements.

Now that the evening shadows had come the real occupants of the home were left by themselves. Father and mother were talking in the library, and the group of children gathered round the story-teller according to their habit.

'Before we have our story,' said she, 'let us talk a little about what things we have to be thankful for to-day.'

'I'm thankful for having so many cousins,' responded Amy, promptly. 'I think they're the nicest playmates in the world.'

'Well, I like to have so many aunts and uncles,' said Harry, who since reaching the age of seven considered himself almost a man.

'I fink I'd rather have my muzzer and fader,' said little Freddy. 'God was dood to dive 'em to me, wasn't he?'

'Yes,' answered the story-teller, 'God is very good in giving us so many people to love, and that is one thing that we especially want to thank him for to-day. Another thing to be thankful for is that we are alive, ourselves,—that we are in this beautiful world, where there are so many things to enjoy and where we may have so many opportunities to make other people happy, for if we try to do that we shall be really happy ourselves. This brings me to my story.

'You have heard me tell about a family of boys who lived in the city of New York, when it was considerably smaller than it is now. Many of the houses were differently built then, and some of them had alleyways between them. There was one of these outside passages beside the house where the boys were living, and they obtained the use of it from their mother for a purpose of their own. This was neither more nor less than the building of a boat. It was quite an undertaking for four lads, but they were full of resolution and energy, and they succeeded in carrying the thing through,

'In the first place, they roofed over the alleyway. This, by itself, was a large piece of work for their young hands. Then by degrees they got the boat together.

'It took them weeks and weeks to do it, for they had only the hours when they were out of school to work in. At last, however, the boat was completed. Then the mother allowed the boys to hire a waggon in order to get it down to the North River, They were decidedly jubilant when they all stepped in and got off for a row to the Elysian Fields, which were then a resort for New Yorkers.

'They got about half-way across, congratulating themselves all the while upon the result of their efforts when suddenly the boat fell to pieces.

'They had been quite mistaken in supposing it to be strong and safe, and now they were all in the water. Fortunately, they knew how to swim, and so they succeeded in reaching the shore.

'When they arrived at home tired and disappointed, their parents told them they had reason for great thankfulness because their lives were spared.

'They all grew up to be useful men, and I think they many times thanked the Lord, the giver of all good things, for bringing them to manhood.

'Life is something to be prized and guarded. Children and young people should be careful not to expose themselves to needless danger, and when they are especially preserved from accident they have cause for special thankfulness.

'Let us every day praise him who has given us life and who permits us to spend it in his service.'

The children listened attentively, but their eyelids were growing heavy, and so the story-teller closed her discourse.—Cousin Lois, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Reason Why.

(By Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.)

I'll tell you about it, my darling, for grandma's explained it all,
So that I understand why Thanksgiving always comes late in the fall,
When the nuts and the apples are gathered, and the work in the fields is done,
And the fields all reaped and silent, are asleep in the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise Our Father who sends the rain and the dew,
Whose wonderful loving kindness is every morning new;
Unless we'd be heathen, Dolly, or worse, we must sing and pray,
And think about good things, Dolly, when we keep Thanksgiving day.

Dot's Thanksgiving.

'I wish I knew anybody as rich as Solomon!' said Dot.

'Why?' said the teacher kindly, smiling a little bit of a smile, and yet only a very little bit of a one, for Dot's hands looked so blue, and her old red hood so small for her curly head, and her cloak so shabby.

'I—I—guess I'd have a sled!' said Dot, red and bashful. 'The Queen of Sheba got all she asked for and a lot besides!'

That set the teacher to thinking. But she only asked the Golden Text, which you know was this:—

'And a greater than Solomon is here!'

The text was like an answer to her thinking, and she said: 'I don't see why Dot shouldn't have her sled, if Solomon isn't here. Jesus is!'

That very Thanksgiving Eve Dot had the biggest bundle left at her door, and there was a sled and a muff and cap and a fur cloak in it. Dot's little brother said he thought Jesus was enough richer than Solomon any day, and you didn't have to go far to find him.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Little Paul's Thanksgiving.

They tossed him and they squeezed him,
And they kissed him, one and all;
They said, 'You blessed, blessed boy!
And darling little Paul!'
But they didn't give him turkey,
Nor any pumpkin pie,
And when the nuts and grapes went round,
They slyly passed him by,
But he didn't seem to mind it,
For in the sweetest way,
He sat and sucked his little thumb,
His first Thanksgiving Day.

—Emma C. Dowon.

'One of the Least of These.'

One of the most beautiful of the German legends tells how one Christmas eve a poor man, coming homeward through the forest, heard a cry and found a little child, cold and hungry. The good man stopped, sought the little one in the wood, and took him with him to his house. His children gladly welcomed the stranger, and shared their evening meal with him. Then while he sat there at the table, suddenly a change came over the child's appearance, and lo! it was the Christ Child whom, unconsciously, the family had received in this needy, suffering little one.—J. R. Miller.

'O Clap Your Hands.'

A family were met for prayers
One cloudy winter's morn,
While in their hearts were worldly cares,
That put their faith to scorn.

The servants sat apart and grave,
The children, still as mice,
Pondered what lessons they might have,
Or any stray device.

The father was an anxious man,
The mother oft was sad;
And e'en the little ones began
To see that times were bad.

All save the youngest; she alone,
Faced life with brow serene,
As on her mother's lap for throne
She sat a little queen.

'O clap your hands,' the father read,
'And sing unto the Lord,'
The baby raised her shining head,
And brightened at the word.

To her the inspired minstrel's psalms
Were no mere idle strain,
For quick her little rosy palms
Were clapped and clapped again.

Instinct with fresh delight to her
Rang the old-time decree;
Her tender heart was all astir
Responding to its glee.

Could we but learn, like children still,
To follow Love's commands,
We too, upborne o'er every ill,
For joy might clap our hands.

—P. W. Roose, in 'Buds of Promise.'

Transformed.

In early summer a lady brought home a chrysalis, and laid it aside in her room to see what would come of it. One bright June morning the little cell was opened, the grave-dress cast aside, and a delicate, beautiful butterfly fluttered gently away to the sunny window. There it rested on the casement, opening and closing its soft gold-dusted wings in the warm sunshine, apparently in an ecstacy of enjoyment, It soon grew so tame it would alight on the lady's fingers whenever she held them towards it, sipping tiny drops of honey with evident relish. Even when she walked in the garden with it on her hand, it never seemed desirous of escaping, taking only short flights, and returning directly to its resting-place.

Its home was a tiny cage made of threads of bamboo fibres, and a carpet of moss and a vase of flowers made it very pleasant and fragrant. It soon had intelligence to see that by closing its wings it could slip through its little prison bars, and fly to its favorite window. Its little life of three short weeks was as bright and cheery as a butterfly's life could be, and probably it had attained a 'good old age,' for its species. Perhaps our three score years and ten look like just such a span to those who dwell where 'the years of eternity roll.'

What greater contrast could exist than that between its old life and its new- No more a creeping caterpillar, confined to a single leaf or garden trellis, toiling laboriously inch by inch over its narrow ways, feeding on coarse and homely fare, and clad in a rough and bristling armor so repulsive to our sight. What a type of the soul's life, when this shell is cast aside, is the transformed butterfly! No doubt the joys and pursuits there will contrast just as strongly with our old life; and new capacities will develop as marvelous to us as the butterfly's gilded wings.

Do you sometimes think you will sigh for the old associations and enjoyments? How would it seem to the fair 'Psyche' to fold up its gauzy wings and take up again its old crawling life over dusty paths and among dank leaves, with earthworms for its mates? As far as we are privileged to go with dying Christians as they near the other shore, we do not find them 'cast one longing, lingering look behind.'—'Buds of Promise.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXVIII.—GOD'S PLAN FOR TEMPERANCE.

1. What did God say about the world when it was made?

The bible says, 'God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.'

2. Why is it, then, that so many things in the world do harm?

Because we use them wrongly. Apples were not made for cider, nor grapes for wine, nor barley for beer.

3. What answer can be made, then, to people who say that all these things must be good since God made them?

We can say that he did not make cider, wine or beer; that these things are made by the decay and destruction of the good things he did make.

4. And what about tobacco or opium?

Both of them are good as medicines in certain diseases, Opium is one of the most important of medicines, but it should be used only as a medicine. We have to judge from the effects how God intended his medicines to be used, and it is certainly wrong to abuse them.

5. Do we judge in this way of the things man makes?

Certainly. We should never think of using a boat on land, or a carriage or a bicycle in the water. Just as foolish is it to use grapes, apples and opium for uses for which they were not made.

6. What is the effect upon us if we use them wrongly?

They become a curse and not a blessing, and we become degraded and not helped.

7. What was man made to be?

To be good and true, pure and happy, and to love and obey God.

8. What is our only way of happiness?

Obedience, love and gentleness, and the using of God's gifts aright.

9. If all did this what would the world be?

It would be like heaven. Everybody would help everybody else, and the whole world would go right.

10. What is one cause of trouble?

Intemperance, which sends 75,000 people a year to drunkards' graves in America alone.

11. Can we expect it will ever cease?

Yes, indeed; because God is the king of the world, and is, little by little, bringing it to better days.

12. Have we any promise that intemperance shall end?

Yes, a great many promises. The promise that all the kingdoms of the world shall become Christ's is sufficient. Then the bible tells us of the time when the people shall be as long-lived as the trees, and nothing shall trouble or destroy; and this cannot be while there are saloons.

13. How can boys and girls help to bring this happy time?

By being strictly devoted to temperance, and trying hard always to make others so.

14. What is temperance?

Temperance is the moderate use of good things, and total abstinence from evil things.

15. Why should we use good things, good food and drink moderately?

Because only in that way can we be truly healthy and good, and because the wrong use of good food and drink often leads to the use of evil things.

16. What should we always remember about our bodies?

That they are God's temples, and should be kept pure and sweet, fit for him to live in.

17. And what else?

That they are meant to be obedient servants of our souls, and should be so kept that they will help our souls to be pure and good.

Hints to Teachers.

This lesson may be dwelt upon with all the detail desired. Especially so train the children in the first part of the lesson that they may always know that alcohol is of man's invention and not of God's creation. That God made it has been to many minds reason sufficient for non-interference with it. If they knew that he never did make it, that it is only the basest, most wretched perversion of his gifts, the product of death and decay, they would throw it indignantly aside. May the counsels of the Almighty Teacher keep the children safe!

Reduced and 'Marked Down.'

At a recent meeting of the Sunday Breakfast Association in Philadelphia, while its president was addressing the audience of 900 unfortunate, discouraged men, most of whom were wrecked and ruined by rum; after telling them of the utter folly of carrying their hard-earned money to the saloon-keeper, among other things he said: 'Manufacturers and merchants like to display their products in their windows. Millinery, dresses, clothing of all kinds and of the most beautiful styles and patterns, hats, caps, neckwear, musical instruments, hardware, in fact every conceivable kind of manufacture, except one, are thus displayed, and men and women are proud of their products. Not so with the place commonly called a 'saloon,'—a better name is the 'rum mill'; not that they manufacture rum, but that they manufacture drunkards. Why not have a large show-window in such places, and put therein six or eight samples of drunken debauchery and ruin, and put on a large show-card:

'SAMPLES OF OUR WORK.'

'THESE ARE WHAT WE MAKE HERE.'

'THESE HAVE BEEN REDUCED.'

'THESE HAVE BEEN MARKED DOWN.'

From sober men to miserable drunkards.
From a life of honor to one of shame.
From a life of health to one of disease.
From an upright life to one of disgrace and crime.
From a life of respectability to one of dishonor.
From a life of ease, comfort, and plenty, to one of privation, hardship, and squalor.
From a life of sweetness to one of bitterness.
From a life of rejoicing to one of mourning.
From a life of blessed hope to one of hopelessness and despair.

—'The Safeguard.'

Things That Help.

The 'Family Doctor,' remarks that the best authorities are generally skeptical of there being any cure for confirmed habits of inebriety, unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate victim of the bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting, or in a minor degree satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled 'rescued man': — 'I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work nor sleep. A man of much education and experience advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half-ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on. It satisfied the cravings, and it suffused a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure, and persevered until the thirst was conquered. For years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whiskey, but I have no temptation to take it.'

No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of hot milk, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying, far more enduring in its effects, and free from all the disadvantages of liquor.—'Alliance News.'

Two Little Maidens.

(M. S. Haycraft, in 'Temperance Record.')

RECITATION FOR TWO GIRLS

FIRST GIRL.

Oh, what can little maidens do,
With laughing eyes of brown or blue,
With dancing feet and waving curls—
Two little maids, two temperance girls?
We're only two — just I and you!—
Against the drink what can we do?
We cannot shut the tavern door,
Or free poor captives evermore.

SECOND GIRL.

Indeed, but we are more than two,
More than you think, more than a few—
The temperance girls the wide world o'er
An army make from shore to shore!
Not two, but thousands, stand and say:
'We will resist the drink alway!'
Black eyes and brown, and grey and blue—
All, all, to temperance colors true.

FIRST GIRL.

Then with our sisters everywhere
This temperance work we joy to share,
And in our home and in our town
We'll strive till right shall wear the crown.

SECOND GIRL.

For right and light, e'en girls can fight,
Example, work, and prayer unite,
And help to bless the world so wide
By standing on the temperance side.

BOTH.

Yes, there we'll stand, and there we'll keep,
And help to comfort those who weep,
Oh, temperance girls, this work be ours—
To fight for right with all our powers.

The Cigarette.

(By Rufus Clark Landon.)

The cigarette! The cigarette!
Most subtle foe that youth has met!,
We boys should take alarm!
A dangerous thing it is, though small,
For in its tiny folds lie all
The elements of harm.

The cigarette! The cigarette!,
Oh, listen boys, and don't forget!
(The half has ne'er been told.)
There is a drug within it placed,
To which directly may be traced
Disorders manifold.

The cigarette! The cigarette!
To smoke it, boys, is to beget,
A thirst for liquors vile;
Within the victim's weakened will
Love for the product of the still
Becomes entrenched the while.

The cigarette! The cigarette!
The smoker's pathway is beset
With dangers not a few;
Physical vigor it impairs,
Mental and moral force ensnares,
While death doth oft ensue.

The cigarette! The cigarette!
Worse than the old-time calumet!
Boycott it, boys, I say!
Let every boy in every cot
Decide that he will use it not—
Boycott it, boys, I say!

—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

Alcohol is poison, I must never drink it,
It will hurt my body, though I may not think it;
It will hurt my soul by yielding to temptation,
Though my Saviour bought me with his great salvation!
So I have determined I will never take it;
Jesus, hear my promise, help me not to break it.
—Lucy Taylor.

LESSON IX—NOV. 27.

Temperance.

Prov. iv., 10-19. Memory verses, 14, 15. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'—Prov. i., 10.

Home Readings.

M. Prov. i., 1-33. — 'If sinners entice, thee, consent thou not.'
T. Prov. ii., 1-22.—'Apply thy heart to understanding.'
W. Prov. iii., 1-35.—'My son, forget not my law.'
T. Prov. iv., 1-27.—'Go not in the way of evil.'
F. Job xviii., 1-21.—'The light of the wicked shall be put out.'
S. Psa. xxxvi., 1-12.—'In thy light shall we see light.'
S. Phil. ii., 1-16.—'Ye shine as lights in the world.'

Lesson Story.

Our lesson this week is taken from the Proverbs of Solomon, son of David, and third king of Israel. It was under Solomon's son Rehoboam, that the kingdom was divided (I. Kings xii., 16-25), so we see that Solomon's own son did not profit by his father's wise counsel. Wise words to be effective must be backed up by a wise and upright life. Solomon tells us how his parents instructed him in the pursuit of knowledge, 'Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.'

The wise man promises length of life to those who will hearken to and receive his sayings. He also promises guidance and liberty. He warns earnestly against taking the first steps in the path of evil, or even looking at its fascinations.

He describes the miserable condition of the evil man, and in beautiful contrast describes the life of an upright man as a path of 'shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

But the path of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble. Let us not be of those who choose the darkness and fear the light of truth and righteousness. (John iii., 19-21.).

Lesson Hints.

'Receive my sayings'—let not these words of fatherly counsel go 'in one ear and out of the other,' but take them kindly as they are given, and ponder and obey them.

'Thy life' — long life is natural to those who obey the laws of God and nature.

'Right paths'—the beautiful paths of righteousness in which' Jehovah leads those who will follow him. (Psa. xxiii., 3.)

'Not straightened'—there is plenty of room in the narrow way for those who will closely follow the Guide.

'Not stumble'—for the footsteps are lighted by the Word of God. (Psa. cxix., 105.)

'Enter not'—the first steps may look bright and gay and so easy to take; but if you never take the first step into the paths of evil you will never experience the agonizing misery which is to be found at the end of that path. If you never take the first glass of liquor you can never become a drunkard. If you never allow the first thought of impurity you can never become vile and unclean in the sight of God. If you never touch tobacco in any form you will not become a smoking abomination to your friends. But the paths of good and evil lie close together at their beginning, and many have already taken the first few steps on the wrong path. Beware, that path begins very suddenly to go down, down, down, and you will follow it with ever-increasing velocity unless you hasten to get off it now, and get on the right track. Better be on the narrow way, flooded with light, than on the broad road in utter darkness and surrounded by pitfalls of every kind. (Verses 18,19.)

'Evil men'—those who tempt us into evil paths. Evil companions are often bright and fascinating, but they leave their mark on our lives as the frost blasts the tender plant, or the heat destroys its beauties.

A Christian must be aggressive. Better to be always seeking to influence some one else for good than to have to spend one's time fighting against the evil influence of our associates. One can not always choose one's associates, but one can choose one's friends. A good friend is one of God's choicest gifts, and true friendship and fellowship of souls helps us better to understand God, and to grow like him through faith in Christ Jesus.

Questions.

1. What is said of the path of the wicked?
2. What of the path of the just?
3. What of evil companions?

Suggested Hymns.

'Yield not to temptation,' 'Who is on the Lord's side?' 'O turn ye!' 'Come to Jesus,' 'Blessed be the Fountain,' 'Jesus is tenderly calling you home.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Long life is promised to the obedient. Verse 10: also Ex. xx., 12.

Heavenly wisdom is the safest guide, the sweet joy, and the sweetest hope. Verses 11-13.

The path of the wicked is wide and smooth, steep and slippery, full of false pleasures and terrible pitfalls. Verses 14-17.

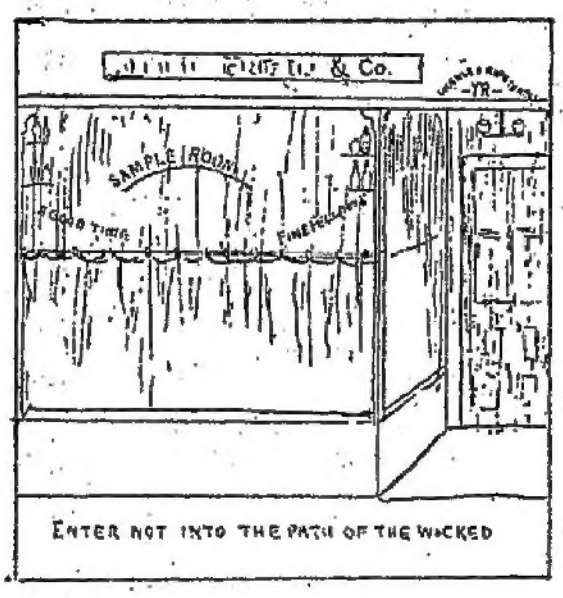
The path of the righteous leads from rosy dawn to dazzling midday, and 'there shall be no night there,' Verse 18.

There is no darkness like that which enshrouds the path of the wicked. Verse 19: also Ex. x., 22, 23.

Tiverton, Ont.

Lesson Illustrated.

A picture of one of the devil's sample-rooms, unfortunately with our good Queen' mark upon it; but we hope that will not be there long. A 'sample-room,' Yes, bright, cheery and attractive; but the finished sample is a lost and wretched body, a degraded mind, health, honor, happiness, heaven all gone. Enter not—let no one else enter, smash the thing. Clean out the business and



put over the door, 'These premises to let to a better tenant.'

It will be a good lesson if some of the superintendent's and teachers will take some of the sample-rooms that they have known of, and going back over its history sum up as far as may be the ruin it has wrought and then without giving its name just tell the scholars the result in wrecked lives and homes and businesses.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Nov. 27.—Great reforms that need our help. —John ii., 13-25.

Thanksgiving's Ungleaned Corners.

Blessed be Thanksgiving!

It gives a warm coloring to the whole of chilly November. The moment we step over the November line we begin to inhale the odors of the Thanksgiving dinner at the other end of the month. Thanksgiving is in the smoke curling from the big chimneys, in the bulging haymows, in the ruddy heaps in barn and storehouse, in all the thrifty homes along the bleak country roads.

Thanksgiving, too, is in the city houses along the spacious avenue; it laughs in the jolly open fires; it echoes in the rattle of the coal out of the crowded cellar bins; it looks across the loaded table in the smiling faces of parents and children; and in the ruddy window-panes at night it has a kindly look outward, and a good wish for everybody passing.

But oh, what Thanksgiving is there in the grim alley in the tall, dark, shabby tenement houses, in the battered coal-hods with but one lump in the bottom, in the pantries thin as Pharaoh's kine, in a lengthy account at the grocery round the corner, and a still longer doctor's bill?

Here is something that should set to thinking comfortable country and city homes. To their thanksgiving the want of a neighbor that can supply nothing eatable should yet furnish food for thought.

Ought we not to make somebody else thankful? On Thanksgiving Day when our anthems rise to the roof in jubilant waves and there break in happy echoes, can we say that we are truly grateful if we have not done anything to make somebody else grateful?

There is our simple Thanksgiving feast, a continuance of other festivals. The Christian imitates the Old Testament worthies, who had at their close of harvest their picturesque Feast of Tabernacles, when, in remembrance of the wilderness march days, they pitched their booths and lived in them, But those happy hours at the close of harvest brought the thought that somebody else had been made thankful.

Think it over. The thinking will make a great difference in somebody's situation, not only temporal but spiritual. That a man may be a saint during the day, it is advisable that he have a good breakfast. Not only gratitude takes naturally to a warm overcoat, but a whole family of virtues will be likely to hide away there. Empty the coal hod, and take out the backbone of many good resolutions.

Then set others to making somebody else thankful. Set to work the boys and girls of your class, teacher. Tell them about the ungleaned corners in the harvest field. Let them see if they can't find there a turkey for a poor old woman in Famine Alley, or a thick coat for her grandson. In garret-corners, in pantry corners, in cellars or barn-corners may be articles that God's poor have a mortgage on. Take the hint, teacher. — 'Sunday-school Journal.'

In the Primary Class.

In primary-class exercises the children may well have opportunities for action. Miss Fredrica Ballard, primary teacher in the Woodland Presbyterian Sunday-school of Philadelphia, instead of lettering on the black-board with chalk, often makes words or short sentences by fastening card-board letters upon a soft pine board with artists' thumb-tacks. The board is about three feet square. The letters are about three inches high, printed in black on white card-board. She had a printer set up the alphabet, ordered a dozen sets on as many sheets, and then she cut each alphabet into its separate letters. With a dozen complete alphabets she is able to make any necessary words for the Sunday's lesson study, As the letters are put up, one by one, in the presence of the class, interest is added by permitting one or another of the scholars to sort out the letters desired, or to pin them in place. The board may stand or hang on the blackboard, or be hung on the wall low enough for the children to reach. This lettering is more plainly seen than ordinary chalk work. Miss Ballard suggests that two or three sets of larger letters, printed in red, might be useful as initials.—'Sunday-school Times.'

Golden Rule Proverbs

A faith-filled life is full.
A true man's lips are oracles.
This hour is tied to all other hours,
Only great eyes can see a great life.
When God sends word, he sends success.
He mounts a throne who bends his knees.
The Christian gymnasium is the world's need.
Knock down another's doubts and they drag your own with them.

The God of Harvest.

The God of harvest praise:
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice,
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forest and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless His holy name,
And joyful thanks proclaim,
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot,
Is comely,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise,
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.
—Hymn.

Tracts Hidden in Cabbages.

Where there is a will there is a way; and ingenuity will sometimes accomplish as much as hard work. An old lady of ninety-seven, who for eighty-five years had been in the service of the Lord, said: 'Did I ever tell you about my missionary cabbages? Years ago, when I was living near a market, I didn't have very good health, and couldn't get to town much. I wanted to do something for the Lord, and every market day I used to go over and talk a few minutes to the man who sold cabbages. We were good friends, and he let me slip a tract into each head of cabbage, down among the leaves! As each tract went in, a prayer to God went up, that the reading of it might be blessed to the soul of somebody.'—'Christian's Herald.'

The Presbyterian Endeavorers of Arkport, N. Y., originated an admirable missionary social. Printed cards were prepared bearing the following legend: 'Some can go. Most can give. All can pray. What are you doing for missions?' On the back were written quotations from eminent missionaries, such as: 'Where Christ leads and directs, I cheerfully go. I only desire what he approves, and to do what he requires, for the remainder of my life.—James Calvert, Missionary to Fiji. These cards were passed around, called for by number, and read. After many of them, short sketches were given of the lives of the missionaries from whom the quotations were taken. —'Golden Rule.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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TO COUNTRY BUYERS OF CITY GOODS at City Cash Prices.

OUR CATALOGUE, WEEK BY WEEK
—OR—
"YOUR WANTS SUPPLIED."

(A Serial Story by the Advertiser.)

Chapter III.

Christmas Presents.

It is always a problem to know what to give at Christmas. One generally wants to give something, at once a luxury, useful, and within the reach of an ordinary purse.

So we have done some Christmas shopping on a very large scale at the wholesale stores, selecting those articles that promise to be the most popular as gifts this year. These we will pass on to our patrons at the lowest retail prices, and will also prepay delivery charges. Thus out-of-town buyers will have the same advantages as city shoppers.

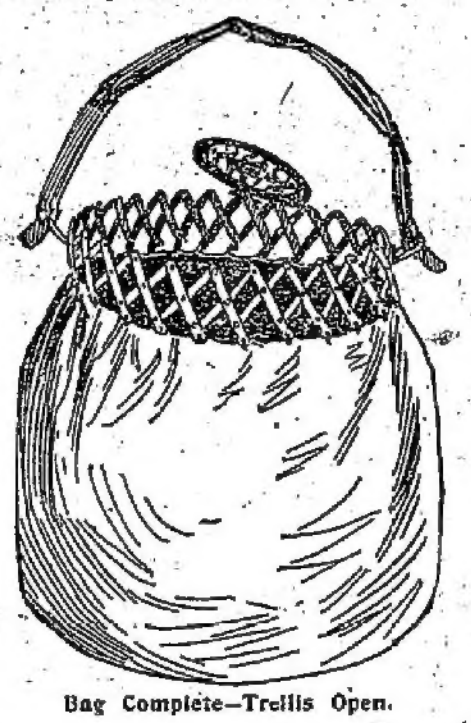
We do not go in for the 'marvellously cheap,' showy, shoddy goods, so often advertised. We only want to sell an honest article at an honest price, and depend on the intelligence of people to appreciate a good article. The fact that we sell the very same goods at the very same prices that are most popular in the large city stores is a guarantee that our customers get really good value. Any of our customers will, we believe, gladly acknowledge that we are conscientious in our advertising and all our dealings.

OUR BUSINESS AXIOMS.

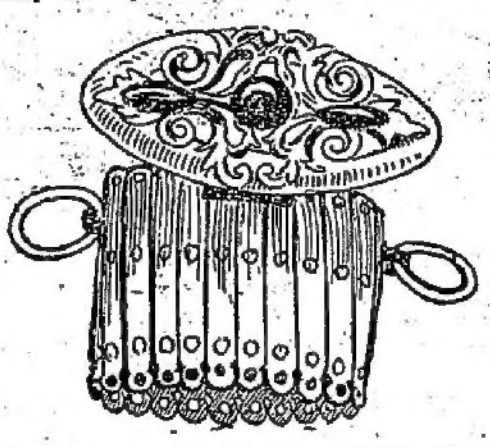
1. We only handle a few lines of Goods.
2. We select those that we think will be most popular, judging from the sales in local stores.
3. We buy these at lowest cash prices direct from the manufacturers, whenever possible.
4. We sell to patrons all over the Dominion, at Montreal prices.
5. We are satisfied with small profits and rapid sales.
6. We believe a satisfied customer will get us others.
7. We will show the publishers the goods before we insert the advertising so that no one may have reason to discount descriptions.
8. We don't deal in catch-pennies or tricks to sell our goods. We don't need to. Our goods sell without such aid, and we reckon more upon satisfied customers than upon our advertising for future business.
9. We select such golds as will satisfy at sight. But are still more careful to select such goods as will stand the test.
10. We believe the best is the cheapest in the end and the most satisfactory all 'round.

We have consulted a number of ladies as to what would make a good Christmas present for a lady, and were told that something that involved a little work upon the part of the donor always added a certain charm to the gift in the mind of the receiver. In this connection hand-bag tops were suggested as being something that would at once afford an opportunity for a little dainty handiwork on the part of the donor, and provide a Christmas present that would delight the heart of any lady. The bags may be made in colored silk or satin or moiré, to suit the frock of the one for whom it is intended, and lined with satin of a different shade. Such a bag is suitable to carry when visiting, or when out shopping. The bag is easily stitched to the top by the eyelets at the lower end of the tressle work.

It is an ornament and a great convenience for handkerchief, card case, purse, notebook, and any other little articles that may be required when out. It opens so easily, just by a little pull on the rings at each side, and closes up tight and small by a gentle pressure. But it never opens of its own accord. These tops are the new oval pattern and have superseded the older round pattern entirely. They have been quite the rage in Boston and New York because they are at once so sensible and so pretty. The tops can be supplied in either oxidized or gilt metal with colored stones on top, as shown in illustration, and these are in the popular new magentas, purples, greens, amber, etc.



Bag Complete—Trellis Open.



Trellis Closed but Cover open to Show Top.

THE PRICE AND CATALOGUE NUMBER. When ordering, be particular to say whether gilt or oxidized top is preferred, and which color of stones you desire. Our catalogue designation for these bag-tops are:—

'Bag-tops W. 4, Gilt,' or
' " W. 5, Oxidized.'

The price is $1.00, which must be sent with order. Postage prepaid and registered to any address in Canada.

For those who have not time to make the bags, or are unable to get the suitable stuff at the local stores, we sell these bags already mounted, in stuff at once beautiful and durable, and in colors to match the stones, for $2.00. Our catalogue designations for these are—

'Ladies' Bags, complete, W. 6, Gilt.'
' " " " W. 7, Oxidized.'

PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.

that are selected from our knives, as described and catalogued in Chapters I, and II., will give every satisfaction. They were :—

(Catalogue designation.)

Gentleman's 2-Blade Rodgers' 50c, 'Penknife, W. No. 1.'
Jack Knife, large size, 50c, 'Rodgers' Jack. W. No. 2.'
Boys' Jack Knife, 40c, 'Boy Rodgers', W. No. 3.'

These knives are all made by the celebrated firm of Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty, and are warranted best of steel. Don't confound these goods with other knives called Rodgers' but not made by the above firm.

We hold ourselves responsible for money sent by express or post-office order. In no case should loose silver be sent, as it is apt to work through the corner of the envelope and get lost.

We can send goods to the United States, but American customers will have to pay duty at their end.

Letters should be addressed, and money orders made payable to

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"Witness" Building, Montreal.